

CAMPUS
CLIPPINGS

J. A. M.
That was a fine test. We took the hint from "Even Homer nods now and then", and mixed up our declensions a bit. From the resulting fuss and general to-do we learned that Loyola collegians do not forget their Latin. Hence, ceteris paribus, all's well that ends well.

Old friends to remember when you send out Season's Greetings: Fathers Lucey and Murray, and Lawrence McHugh, N.S.J.

New Year's resolution — also a simple suggestion: A play, a play, my school days for a play!

In our first issue, we proposed a social evening for the Alumni and the student body. If anything is needed at the present time, that's it.

Some high lights of the Soph-Frosh upheaval: the sunbonnet helmet worn by Bunn created a sensation; Norris' sole objection was that the shoes were too hard to digest. Carr stopped a Frosh back, and then stopped playing; Kurek got away for several long runs,—instead of running around one would-be tackle, he ran up one side and down the other.

A promise that wasn't broken. The diary opens.
July 1—Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink (drop of water).
July 2—Ooooh! wish this ocean would behave. Was standing on the bridge awhile ago, and the steward asked me if the Captain had come up yet—so that was the
(Continued on page 4, col. 2)

SUBSCRIPTION DRIVE FOR
ANNUAL PLANNED

Immediately upon the return from the Christmas holidays, there will be launched in the school a drive for subscriptions to the 1928 Green and Gray. The goal is a 100% student subscription. Keep this point in mind when you make your post-Christmas deposit at the bank. Keep back just a bit of that present money for your copy of the Annual.
If the returns from subscriptions are sufficient to warrant such an elaboration upon the original plans, there will be included in the makeup of the Annual a section devoted to campus views which you will be anxious to keep. It is planned to have a portion of the book devoted to the Alumni. This feature should have a special appeal to former students during whose Seniorship no Annual was published, for it is these Alumni for whom is intended especially this Alumni section.

PROPOSED STUDENT COUNCIL
MEETS WITH APPROVAL,
Class Officers to Constitute Personnel
of Board

Two meetings were held this week at which the officers of the various classes discussed the possibilities of forming a Student Council. The plan won the immediate approval of the officers, and when put before the student body at classmeetings called for the purpose received still further commendation.

The representatives of the school in this council are to be the four officers of the Senior Class, the President and Vice-President of Junior, and the Presidents of Sophomore and Freshman.

First mention of a student council at Loyola was made three years ago when a school paper was first started. Why such a board was not then formed is not known. In the light of recent events the need for such an institution has been felt more keenly than ever before. Such a medium of closer contact between Faculty and student body is certain to prove itself a valuable institution in our college life.

Mendel Club Members
Address Meeting

Up to the present time the members of the Mendel Club have been taking but a passive part in the lectures given at their meetings. At last night's meeting, however, two members gave proof of what they could do as lecturers. They read interesting papers which they had prepared for the occasion.

The President of the club is as anxious as ever to gain new members. He reiterates his welcome to those students interested in the sciences dealing directly with life.

To the Reverend members of the Faculty, to the student body, to the Alumni, to our Patrons and Advertisers, the Greyhound tenders its best wishes for a Yuletide replete with all the blessings of this happy season.

BASKETBALL SEASON
OPENS TONIGHT

Initial Game Scheduled With Alumni

Trip Planned for Late February; Frank Dudley Captains College Quintet

After a rather hectic football season, Loyola opened its basketball season last night when the Evergreen quintet met the Alumni in a brother against brother shake-up. Assurance of a good battle was much in evidence, when we consider that the Alumni has such players as Ray Helfrich, Jim Lacy, Bob Lyons, Jack Cummings, and Jack Menton, all former stars of Loyola championship quints, to pit against the College five. The lineup for the College is as follows: Dudley and Martin, right and left forwards, respectively; Rogers, center; Monahan, right guard; and Bunting, left guard. Dudley of Junior is Captain of the College squad.

CRUSADE UNIT PROSPERS
SOPHOMORES DONATE
TO UNIT'S FUND

Essay Contest Judges File Decisions

That the students have truly taken to their hearts the newly formed unit of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, we have no doubt. The first evidence of it came when the Sophomore class, following a suggestion made at a recent meeting that a portion of the proceeds from various class activities be devoted to the work of the unit, offered the unit a share of its profits from the dance given after the Loyola-Western Maryland game. The action of the Sophomores is highly to be commended.

The three officers, appointed as judges in the Essay Contest sponsored by the Baltimore Chapter of the Crusade, have this week completed their work. Last Thursday they conferred with the three judges appointed from Notre Dame, and the final results were formally presented to the authorities.

Such battle is one that will give a fair estimation of the present squad in comparison with those of former years. Basketball has always been for Loyola a most successful venture in the realm of sports; hence much is expected from her present representatives in this branch.

The schedule, quite on a par with those of previous years, is not as yet fully completed. Among the newest opponents listed is the University of Baltimore. One of the interesting features is a trip which is slated for the final games to be played in February.

For the remainder of the season Manager Bowersox offers us:

In January		
6	Univ. of Baltimore	Home
10	Pending	
14	Washington College	Home
17	Hopkins	
21	Navy	Away
27	American University	Home
31	Western Maryland	Home
In February		
4	Mt. St. Mary's	Home
8	Blue Ridge	Away
10	Villanova	Home
14	Hopkins	
17	American University	
Washington, D. C.		
22	Villanova	Away
23	Seton Hall	Away
25	Savage Col.	Away
28	West. Md.	Away
In March		
3	Washington College	Away
6	Blue Ridge (pending)	Home
10	Mt. St. Mary's (pending)	Away

CHRISTMAS RECESS BEGINS

From December 16th until January 4th, exclusive, the student body is perfectly free to cease patronizing the United Railways, Line No. 11.

The Christmas holidays, which began yesterday, seem to be long. This is due to the consideration that Armistice day and several other holidays were not observed at Evergreen.

The Greyhound

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Christmas Eve A Fantasie

'Tis Christmas Eve—and Christ is born again to redeem a sad old world longing for a Saviour. King Winter sees the wee, little slip of a smiling Babe and decides to hold a celebration the equal of which has never before been seen. Almost by magic, he transforms the drab old city into a scene of splendor. Armies of snow-flakes come and spread a carpet of white, softer by far than the softest lambs' wool. Ten million mirrors of frozen raindrops reflect God's glory far and near. The grim old courthouse and the grey old cathedral are dressed in gowns of purest white. Chandeliers of glittering ice catch the moonbeams from the sky and send them scurrying to every nook and corner—a symphony of light. The snowbirds come and their songs fill the air while the wind murmurs approval as softly through the trees it whistles the accompaniment. Night, with a cloak of ebony velvet drawn closely about her, watches the scene with silvery eyes and blithely smiles at the wondrous display of fireworks contributed by the shooting stars. The whole world is happy for it's Christmas Eve.

American Christmas

It had to come, if America were to be consistent. Christmas is certainly commercialized, the holly berries of sentiment overshadowed by the dollar sign—all because we Americans are too securely bound to the trail of business enterprise to allow of our treading wholeheartedly the little pathways that lead off from the hum-drum highway of everyday life.

Our humorists cajole us into laughing at our own ridiculousness. In this matter of minting Christmas spirit they are even now reveling. There is not a one who isn't telling his own version of the "card or present swapping contest" to which the Yuletide spirit has descended. The result of their findings might thus be put as commercialism's definition of Christmas: the time for freely lightening the purse of one to fatten the purse of another.

Advertising, the mainmast of commercialism, comes in for its share of Americanizing Noel. This is the magician that turned the old time Santa Claus who left the North Pole but once a year, into the ubiquitous

Nick of all statures and girths. He is at the same time speaking over the air from a North Pole out in Iowa, and shaking hands with puzzled kiddies in the gift avenue of every department store. And young America taxes its imaginative brain in its efforts to reconcile Ford-like Santas with the idea of the 'one and only'.

Even so, why worry over it? This remodelling of Christmas is but a sideline of the melting pot process of building up a nation, sans sentiment, sans heart, sans everything except financing the world.

Santa or Not

The same old question that is supposed to mark a milestone in the growth of sophistication in every child is again in order.—Is there or isn't there a Santa Claus? Answer:—There is.

Just a second,—distinguo! We readily admit that there is no material being characterized by such supreme generosity. There is, however, a being that at regular intervals gets down into the hearts of the most godless, and there stirs up the hearth of cheerfulness. He can at least dull the miser's greed, though the seeds of kindness may there fall upon rock; he can tempt the cynic to proclaim the world a fine one after all; he can baffle age, and reduce the world for a few scant hours to the sway of fancy-blessed childhood, when six and sixty are truly alike in spirit.

If that were all that Christmas meant, it would mean a treasureful. Hence, let the staid individual who denies St. Nick his short-lived existence, be, like the disgruntled cherub, in disgrace.

!Army of Follow-after

When certain literary gentry of yester merrie England collect a sizeable check for telling leisured ladies of pseudo-intellectuality and placid rotundity that Americans SUBVERT THEIR ART, and that the humanities in the New World are grossly commercialized, we think that they have overlooked an excellent opportunity to throw further scathing criticism at moneyed America—and that with far more propriety, a great deal more honesty, and in sternest truth.

Of course, it is all equally true of their own cherished Isle, or of any country in the world, for that matter; but since America has already

served as their "horrible example", we shall let it serve for ours.

We are referring to the great Army of the Follow After. When once some production of literature, or drama, or even a bit of drollery from Tinpan Alley, becomes successful financially, the country is at once flooded with an almost endless, and certainly agonizing parade of imitations. A playwright gives us "Rain", and soon we are hearing of all sorts of plays purporting to uncover Life in the Tropics. A competent dramatist presents "What Price Glory?" with its effective and true-to-nature use of profanity, and legitimate virile talk; immediately thereafter, we must expect a flood of box-office obscenity and utterly purposeless profanity.

In the field of the printed word too, we have constant examples of the clever manoeuvres of the "Army". Bernard McFadden, with his idiotic slush so avidly sopped up by anaemic lunch-room waitresses, is a case in point. Booksellers are flooded with volumes written by ex-tramps, ex-cowboys, ex-convicts, and ex-anything that presents novelty, and isn't essentially literary.

Again, if, in Tinpan Alley, some exponent of the one finger method of pianoforte proficiency pounds out a mournful moan about "a broken heart . . . since we're apart . . . sweetheart . . . I love you!", that can be translated into room rent and an occasional dinner, we immediately have the syncopated thuds all over the country grinding out tales of parted hearts and tearful severances of friendship and violent whatnots of cheap sentiment.

With all that, everyone is the winner—the song-writer, the publisher, the record artist, the orchestra leader, the specialty singer, and the public, which last mentioned has at least something new to whistle,—new because it is something else done over.

A mournful picture we paint indeed, something of the fearful Mencken-Nathan type. However, since everyone seems to be the winner, because the public laps up realism on the stage and in books, (however tawdry and imitative the article may be), and simply cannot get along without absurd and idiotic words to its jazz tunes,—why not enjoy the present ardor as best we may, even though we do fatalistically quote the Anderson Stallings famous dictum, "What Price Glory" now?

FROM A SCRAPBOOK

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

James Russell Lowell.

Contentment lies not in the enjoyment of ease—a life of luxury—but comes only to him that labors and overcomes, to him that performs the task in hand and reaps the satisfaction of work well done.—Wilde.

Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years,
Just be glad.

James Whitcomb Riley.

The Greyhound staff is planning to take a holiday too. Consequently we are drying our pens and covering up typewriters until early in January. Thank you, gentlemen.

THE BOOKWORM

We are just like a long lane when it comes to a turning, at least according to the talents. But eventually we left the deep trail of "Terror Keep", and struck out for the Southwest via Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop."

Willa Cather Sibert, to quote the words of a neutral biographer, 'is a novelist whose work already adds measurably to American literature.' A born Virginian, she has forfeited her claim to prominence by writing of her native state, and has chosen the Southwest, the territory she has long since haunted, admired, and enjoyed, as the setting for her best novel.

"Death Comes for the Archbishop" unfolds a tale of the life and vicar-apostolic labors of a French priest, Father Latour, in the New Mexico of pioneer days. Father Latour and his seminary classmate, Father Joseph Vaillant, by their zealous missionary efforts won over the pioneer Southwest for the Catholic Church. Later Father Latour becomes archbishop. Forty years of priestly eulogy is covered, in the story, with a rich description of the fantastic Southwest to intensify its naturalness. The authoress ably demonstrates how God's men and God's things work hand in hand to build up the background for an excellent story.

In its manner of presentation the story is serene and contemplative; its style is easy and simple, the tang of Southwestern life suggested in the use of pioneer speech. The book is in the class of the historical novel, one that is historically true yesterday, today, and tomorrow.

Considerable charm is added to the story by the fact that the authoress made her home in the very land that served as a foil for her story, and was thus in the best position to imbibe the perfect atmosphere for tempering her train of ideas.

A story recently dramatized by the author, and now being presented in New York is "Porgy" by DuBose Heyward. Here is a perfect presentation of Southern negro life in a
(Continued on Page 3, col. 3)

A CHRISTMAS OFFERING

The wights of snowland dance with joy tonight,
Sweet voiceless symphonies of gladness pent
Within wee prismic hearts: frail pilgrims bent
With tiny might to age the world all white.
And hushed swoons the wind, as though delight
In ecstasy the breath of Nature spent.
And mankind sleeps with all the world content:
He knows no vigil for a morrow's plight.

Why hush'd the wind? So that the Babe might sleep.
Why dance the snows? Ah, know you not? medeems
The gift of angels nestles in their keep—
A diadem of snowflakes,—see! it gleams
Upon His brow still soothed in slumber's deep.
And sleeps the World, and of its Empire dreams!
E. W. T., '28.

Memories

Just as travelers on foot, when they reach the crest of a hill turn to survey the valley below them and for the first time truly appreciate the energy expended in the ascent, let us with Memory's omnipotent aid go back over 1927 fast nearing its close. Of all the events the record of which caught our gaze as we glimpsed through the latest tome of our dairy, these four stood out above the rest.

The first strikes a note of sadness. On April 19th, Father Robert T. Smith, S.J., Professor of Apologetics and of Public Speaking and Faculty Director of Athletics, died following an operation. The large attendance at the funeral services, held at St. Ignatius' Church, was an inspiring tribute to the late minister of God. Many of the students first came to know Father Smith when, years ago, he gave the final touches to Loyola's last production of a Shakespearean play—Macbeth.

The second event is truly a high light in the history of Loyola. It is the philosophic disputation which Father Ooghe, for many years Senior Professor of Philosophy at Loyola, arranged for the Senior class. It was held at the High School Hall last May.

Thus read the program:—

A Philosophic Disputation in Psychology

Under the direction of

Rev. Justin J. Ooghe S. J. and
Rev. Francis E. Lucey S.J.

First Part: Vegetal Life.

Defender, Mr. Henry F. Miller,
Pre-Med, '27.

Objector, Mr. Joseph F. Drenga,
'27.

Objector, Mr. Edward deF. Becker,
'23.

Second Part: Sensitive Life.

Defender, Mr. Raymond F. Helfrich, '27.

Objector, Mr. Leo L. Kulacki,
'27.

Objector, Mr. August J. Bourbon,
'14.

Third Part: Rational Life.

Defender, Mr. William C. Egan,
'27.

Objector, Mr. Francis P. Fairbank, Jr., '27.

Objector, Rev. Theodore M. Hemelt S.S., 2A.B., '15.—S. T. L.

The honors of the occasion went without question to Mr. Egan. Defending, as he was, the most difficult phase of psychology, his work was brilliant, and it earned a well merited meed of praise.

The two other outstanding events of the closing year arouse a feeling of satisfaction in the heart of the Traditionalist. They are the second Junior Prom, and the planting of the Senior tree during June week. In the former he saw the first steps taken toward carrying an innovation well on the way to becoming an institution. The Prom, according to all remarks, surpassed its memorable predecessor in gracious style. In the latter event, the planting of the Senior tree, the Traditionalist sees an object for his care,—a beautiful innovation which he hopes to see seconded in 1928 by the present Senior class.

These four events by no means form the sum total of the recollections which we cherish, but each of them in its own way has some charm which raises it above the others, and makes it worthy of our special attention.

Freshmen Fail To Win Freedom

The Soph-Frosh adjustment tilt is far back in the past now, but because of its importance, it does deserve a little print, at least in order to bring into print a few names that otherwise would belong to thoroughly disgruntled Freshmen.

On November the 30th, the two teams entered the fray with confidence, at least, equally matched. During the first three quarters the pigskin was carried back and forth with but a single threat of a touchdown. The first quarter was decidedly the Soph's, with the Freshies evening up matters by copping the scant honors of the second.

During the first half, Kurek did some splendid line bucking for the Sophs and frequently carried the ball for ten and fifteen-yard gains. Bill Simms, Soph quarter-back, was conducting things nobly in the early part of the game, but the mishap of a bad gash in the hand forced him out of the game.

Whereas Patrick started as quarter-back for the Freshmen, their captain, Martin, soon took things in hand, showing real skill in his management of the Frosh eleven. He carried the ball himself for gains in a number of plays, and kept up his fight to the very last. McCormick was responsible for much of the pluck on his side and broke up more than one of the Sophomore's chances to score.

The fourth quarter dealt the death blow to the Freshmen, when a fumble served favorably for the Sophs. The Freshmen gridders were fighting hard for a touchdown, and were within about fifteen yards of the goal line. At the fumble, Ray Rodgers stepped up for the hero act, caught up the ball and dashed down the field to sign up the death warrant to Freshmen privileges. McCormick was hot in pursuit, but Rodgers was just a bit more of a sprinter than he. All further attempts to score came to naught.

Bob Cartwright, Sophomore full-back, showed up best of any player in his consistent carrying the ball to advantage, and by his excellent tackling. Toward the end of the game, the Freshies resorted to numerous trick plays wherein Twardowicz had plenty of opportunity to shine for the underdogs.

The outcome of the game decided the Freshmen to be still subject to the rules. With the exception of a

With the Wit

First Stenog: What do you think of the head of the firm?

Second Ditto: Swell!

Boxer's Second: Buck up, old man. Think that all your ancestors died fighting.

Losing Boxer: That's just what I'm thinking about.

One: Did you teach you wife to drive the new Phord?

Two: No; I let her shift for herself.

A well-known carpet manufacturer has just resigned at the age of 86. No doubt he has made his pile.

Philos. Prof.: By way of example, what kind of food would you feed your cows so they would produce more milk, Mr. Oh-ho?

The East Wind: Milkweed.

short spell of rebellion on their part, enforcing of the rules has settled down to uneventful ease.

Here follows the lineup of those who started in the game:

Sophomores	Freshmen
Kleff	L.E. Hooper
Fallon	L.T. Watson
Baur	L.G. Kohlhepp
Delea	C. Stack
May	R.G. Norris
Evering	R.T. Carr
Fleming	R.E. Childress
Simms (Capt.)	Q.B. Patrick
Cartwright	L.H. McCormick
Rodgers	R.H. Green
Kurek	F.B. Nieberding

Subs: Soph: Bauernschaub, Ciesielski, Kelly, Reuter, Vasilaukas; Frosh: Martin (Capt.), Twardowicz, Judge.

Coaches: Soph: Healy, Connelly; Frosh: Finnerty.

THE BOOKWORM

(Continued from page 2, col. 4) portrayal literally athrob with life. A striking feature of the book is the novel developing of the main character. His part in the story is rather a passive one in comparison with the lesser lights. It is in his influence upon those around him that we make our acquaintance with the real Porgy. Touches of humor add zest to the tale, and are drawn particularly from the superstitions of the Southern negro.

There is more than mere entertainment in the story; it has a generous portion of the instructive.

J. A. K., '29.

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EXCHANGE EXCERPTS

“Lindy” Honored by Jesuit University

St. Joseph's College of Philadelphia, a Jesuit institution, is the first college in the United States to honor Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh with a degree. The honorary degree of Master of Science in aeronautics was conferred by Reverend Albert C. Brown S. J., president of the College.

The ceremony was a feature of the laying of the cornerstone of the new college buildings.

The attendance of many foreign diplomats added to the impressiveness and dignity of the exercises.

Loyola University of Chicago Shows Interest In Drama and Music.

The Sock and Buskin Club, the Dramatic Club, of Loyola University, starts work on a series of one-act plays, which they will present in the near future to members of the University. Among the plays to be presented, are the popular comedies, “Thursday Evening” and “Thank You Doctor.”

The Glee Club of this same University is very busily engaged in compiling a repertoire, in which it will offer some of the finest entertainment in collegiate circles. Mr. Gratiano Salvador is director of the Club.

Campion Sends Delegates to Press Meet at Madison, Wis.

Among those in attendance at the annual convention of the Wisconsin Inter-collegiate Press Association were Editor William C. Zeller, and Literary Editor Bernard Bonnot. The meetings of the convention were held at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin. The decision of the two representatives of The Campionette to go to the convention was not reached until late, so they had no time to lose in getting away.

The Wisconsin Intercollegiate Press Association was founded to promote and facilitate the editing of school publications, and it has admirably achieved its purpose.

The Students and Faculty of Holy Cross College tendered a fitting farewell to its former Rector, the Rt. Rev. Joseph N. Dinand, S. J. D. D., newly consecrated bishop of Jamaica, B. W. I. The festivities consisted of a banquet for all the classes and speeches and a varied program of musical numbers. The Greyhound heartily joins the students of Holy Cross, in wishing the beloved Jesuit godspeed and many years of fruitful labor in his new field of endeavor and sacrifice.

The Exchange Department of the Greyhound wish to acknowledge the receipt of “The Maroon,” official organ of the Students of Loyola University, New Orleans, La. And also to extend its appreciation to Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.; for its contribution of The Tomawawk.

STUDENTS ATTEND REQUIEM

On Friday, the 9th, Rev. Father Henri Wiesel, vice-rector of the College, read a requiem mass for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Catherine Jenkins, late wife of Mr. George C. Jenkins. The entire student body attended the mass.

PARROT PRATTLE

Don't bother about thinking up new resolutions. Too much trouble in the first place, and then too much trouble breaking them afterwards. Instead, just improve a bit on your present.

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

Continued from Page 1, Col. 1
name of that dish at breakfast, eh?

July 3—Sunday.—A rather heathenish young lady was rattling the ivories at a lively rate in the salon. The Rev. Doolittle chanced to pass through (not pass out this time). Approaching the performer, he asked her if she knew the Ten Com. Without the least hesitation she chirped up, “Whistle the first few bars, and I'll follow you”.

July 4—The elements asserted their independence this morning. The old boat was tossing about like a chip. Up spoke the Captain to the passengers all huddled together in fright, “You had better start to pray, the boat's sinking”. Piped a son of Judea, “Pray yourself; we don't own the d— thing”.

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SENIOR FROLIC DRAWS FAVORABLE COMMENT

The night of knights proved to be a gala success. A glorious night, a glorious time, and glorious partners! Such is the description given to Senior's contribution to Loyola's growing list of social activities, that is, the Senior Frolic held on December the 9th in the Gym.

After much deliberation, the Seniors had chosen an orchestra that was new to Loyola dances. It was the Simpson-Morris orchestra, well known in Baltimore dance circles. Approval of the choice manifested itself in the unstinted praise given the merry syncopators.

The Senior Class takes this opportunity to graciously thank all who helped to make the dance a success, and also to thank Mr. and Mrs. Renehan who kindly acted as sponsors.

This dance was the last of the old year. We hope the new year will produce many affairs as entertaining.

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